

X-Z

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POSTS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning X-Z

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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The Tall Man "Up from the hills of Illinois..."

The Tall Man

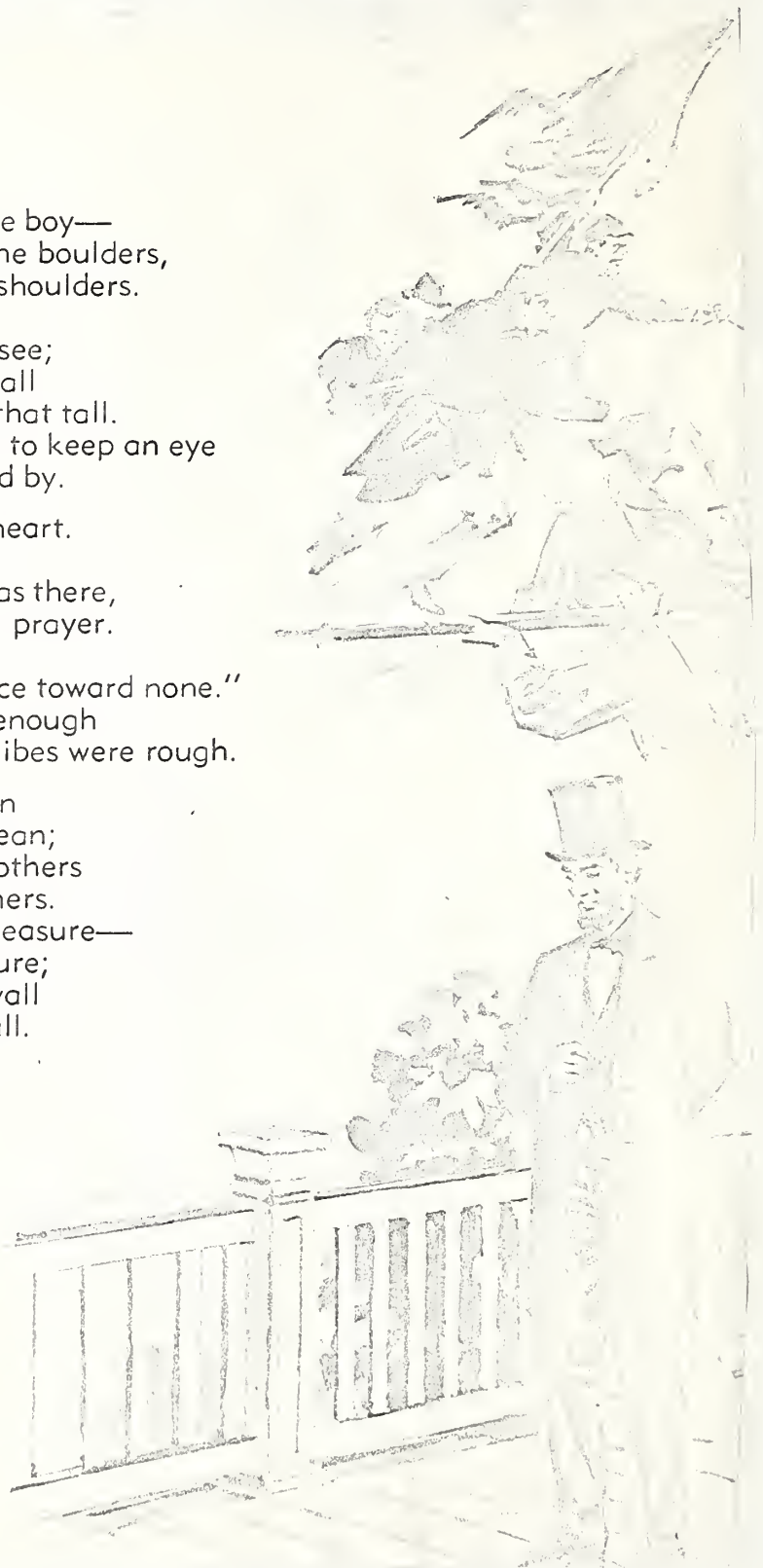
Esther Baldwin York

Up from the hills of Illinois
Like a rugged tree grew Abe the boy—
Grew like a pine from out of the boulders,
Taller than most by head and shoulders.
Tall in integrity—that was he;
Lived his convictions for all to see;
Men said the greatest house of all
Was the only place for a man that tall.
So he went to the White House to keep an eye
On the country's doings, by and by.

It wasn't easy. Men broke his heart.
He saw the Union cleft apart,
But tall, like a lighthouse, he was there,
Ready with wisdom, faith, and prayer.
Tall in tolerance, he was one
Who kept his heart "with malice toward none."
He was tall in humor, and big enough
To laugh at himself when the jibes were rough.

Tall in humility, Abe could lean
To nothing small, unkind or mean;
Yet he would deign to wait on others
If it could help men to be brothers.
We must look up to find this treasure—
This pattern for a hero's measure;
The mark he left on history's wall
Is higher than most men are tall.

©



A MAN NAMED LINCOLN.

Always we look beyond. We listen
always
For some new foot-beat, hearing now
no more
The stalwart, steady, unrelenting tread
Of those whose steps kept rhythm with
great drums
Beating the time of God. The past is
done.
Its vast men walk a fast-receding road.
Some few years gone—and those still
live to prove it—
There was a man named Lincoln passed
this way.
Not some far land of chivalry and song
Gave him to birth; he was our man, our
own;
Still his gaunt shadow lifts against the
sky,
Still his great stature limns the shape
of power
As clear and clean as stencil cut from
steel.
Him we remember, aye, and praise,
with words.
We praise him well, in stone. Oh, once
each year
His name is lifted up on every tongue,
Holiday made, and we are well content
In paying thus our tribute and our debt.
Shame to us. Shame! Not so; oh,
never so—
Rather some starveling cabin of the
South
Might breed his like again; some desert
West,
Or some bleak North, some stark, sea-
beaten East
Might sweat and strain and struggle
one time more
To yield a mighty fruitage of like men.

BARBARA YOUNG.

N.Y. Times Feb 12 '35

Lincoln

BY BARBARA YOUNG

*Ye never knew him,
In the simple days
Of that immutable recognizance
To which he moved with half reluctant feet,
It was small scorn accompanied his way,
Or smiling tolerance, or friendliness
A little tinged with pity . . . Being blind,
How shall men see one walking in their midst
Who is come stepping down Eternity?
And these may never speak their own release
Unto the ears that have not learned to hear . . .*

*Ye never knew him.
All the trenchant years
When the deep furrows of his pilgrim plow
Turned the encumbered acres to the sun,
It was a dread and solitary way.
Upon his heart there was a burden lay
Like that upon the carpenter's young Son
In Galilee. . . . There was a bitter cup
Pressed to his silent, unrefraining lips.*

*They never knew him.
Lonely, on a height,
Asking no man if this be wrong or right—
No measure of expedience or thrift
To stay his soul's indentured elements—
He was apprenticed to his own desire
Unto the attribute of sacrifice,
And counting all a righteous heritage.*

*And no man knew him!
But the man he was
Knew his own self and its clear destiny.
The spaces were not voiceless unto him.
Nay, all the firmament was eloquent.
Straight out unto his passion and his death
Upon the fiery cross, he heard the call.*

*We never knew him.
In our arrogance
We stand today and think we read the whole
Of that Unfathomable, sovereign soul.
We do not so. . . . The sustenance he drew
From wealth of God, and poverty of man,
We have not claimed for our inheritance.
Nor may we count the full expenditure
In our small coins of inconsistency. . . .*

*Though we shall never know him,
This we know—
His steady hand has never left the helm.
The course is straight that shall be steered, at last,
And he is not unmindful, where he walks
Upon the seas that are Eternity.*

LINCOLN.

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BARBARA YOUNG.

The Lincoln Statue

A mother and her crippled son
stood there.

Statues as these, are often living
symbols.

Lame though he was, he started
the long climb and up-hill pull.

It was a day that he so patiently
had waited for.

His mother trudged by his side
and watched his hopeful face,

To catch the changing gleam
within his eyes,

And now and then to lend a help-
ful smile,

To watch his steps and point
upon his progress.

The crutches seemed to bear him
as though wings had grown
upon his poor misshapen figure.

And to the people near that
lighted face made the sophisti-
cated turn away.

The statue loomed above magnifi-
cent,

Reached by the steep and toil-
some steps of fame.

As they approached the goal, he
busily fumbling with his
crutches, was hurrying too—

As though no crippled legs were
part of him.

At last he reached the statue, the
great goal — Lincoln!

His shining eyes were dry.

The passing Pilgrims found two,
beside the President,

Could make that long steep jour-
ney worth their while.

Remedy 2. 13. 49 OLIVE J. YOUNG.

Every Day Lyrics

By Uncle Zeke

Hear him, 8 A. M. daily, on
WAAM, 240 M.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Centuries ago, on slabs of stone,
"Love thy neighbor as thyself" was
wrote,

Clear enough, it meant, we, with our
own,

Should another burden gladly tote.

Down the ages, our great land was
shown,

Unto which some came, who would
be free,

Laid they well their nations corner-
stone,

Watched they well their country's
distiny.

Later, as their offspring comfort
craved,

Came determination not to toil,

Men of other race were then en-
slaved,

Brutally were forced to till the
soil.

Once again did God his tablets send,
This time on a parchment, not on
stone,

"Love they neighbor as thyself" the
trend,

But they heeded not its word or
tone.

Rose in might our Lincoln, heavens
gift,

Great and wise emancipator he,

Closed he once for all the nations
rift,

Forced he then all men's equality.

Abraham Lincoln, this day gave thee
birth,

That thou mightst a stricken peo-
ple save,

This, the greatest nation of the earth,
Humbly bows in tribute, at thy
grave.

You know folks: One hundred
and twenty-one years ago today, in a
ramshackle log cabin in Harden
County Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln
was born. As a lad, he had none of
the advantages usually enjoyed by
those who get to the peak. What
learning he obtained, was procured
after his hard days toil at rail split-
ting. You have no doubt read and
heard the life story of Abraham
Lincoln, many times during the past
few days, so we will not repeat that
here. I would, however, like to show
the youth who may chance to read
this column, what may be done by
any American youth, regardless of
circumstances or surroundings, pro-
viding he has red blood in his veins.
Of course, all cannot become Presi-
dents of the United States, but he
can become almost anything else he
may desire. Today, education to a
certain point is free. Lincoln had to
buy his books and study at night.
Today, opportunities are presenting
themselves at every hand, waiting
for the young man who is capable of
taking advantage of them. No boy
of today has the handicaps of Lin-
coln. May he be the ideal of every
American youth. AIN'T I RIGHT?

GEORGE N. J. COURIER
FEBRUARY 12, 1930

THE DAILY CARDINAL

Sunday, October 17, 1937

The Literary Scrapbook :-

Tonight I Spoke With Lincoln

The wan, pale light of a new moon
shone down upon His image,
so calm, sedate and glorious,
so beautiful in still deep thought.
Nor in this mood was even like
to be awaked from thoughtful dream.
That I was wont to creep away,
who felt transgressing in the realm
of one who has no peer.
One in the essence form of Man,
but from whom Deity emnates.
His bronzened form engulfed in shade,
like the dark gloom of martyrdom
that gulfed his life. And this
inspiring scene to gaze upon I felt
was sacrilige, and turned to steal away;
but as I turned a deep sad voice,
soul mellowed, said me "Stay my son,
stay by my side. Abide with me
for this short while.
I'm lonely here away from man.
This glory that they've rained on me
serves but to raise the man I was
and leave the spirit in the haze
of history.
Their souls feel only awe as thine."
The rounded shoulders bowed in grief,
the care worn face, whose lines the elements
cannot erase, but furrow deeper
as if to bring in sharp relief
this mortals pain, and incorrigible disdain of
nothing,
lowered in thought upon his chest.
"O Father," I spoke, "why do you grieve
when you have done so much to raise
your kind. You've brought us liberty
and hope. Through your democracy has
triumphed.
What more could you have done?
He raised his head, in measured tone he said,
"Young man I was of mortal then
and now I see far more. I see
a fallacy imbued in that same spirit
which you hold so high, To concentrate
upon the molding of the State
and disregard the individual
as a factor who must be in perfect harmony.
With all I strove to elevate the mass.
My fault lay in the wrong concept of mortal
retrospect."
Thus spoke the Spirit and was still

—John Charles Zinos

student, U. of Wis.

Zurstadt, Elizabeth

SONNET OF SALEM

"So great, so
wonderful"

A SONNET OF SALEM.

So great, so wonderful,
A man revered by men.
So often lauded with high praise
By tongue and pen.
So gifted and so blessed
With worth beyond our ken
Was Lincoln.
So kind and simple
And so quick to understand,
So sure to help with word
Or deed or grasp of hand.
So loved and mourned in this
And every other land
Is Lincoln.

Rec'd St. Petersburg
2-12-41
—Elizabeth Zurstadt,
Petersburg.

Zurstadt, Elizabeth

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Northwestern Christian Advocate.

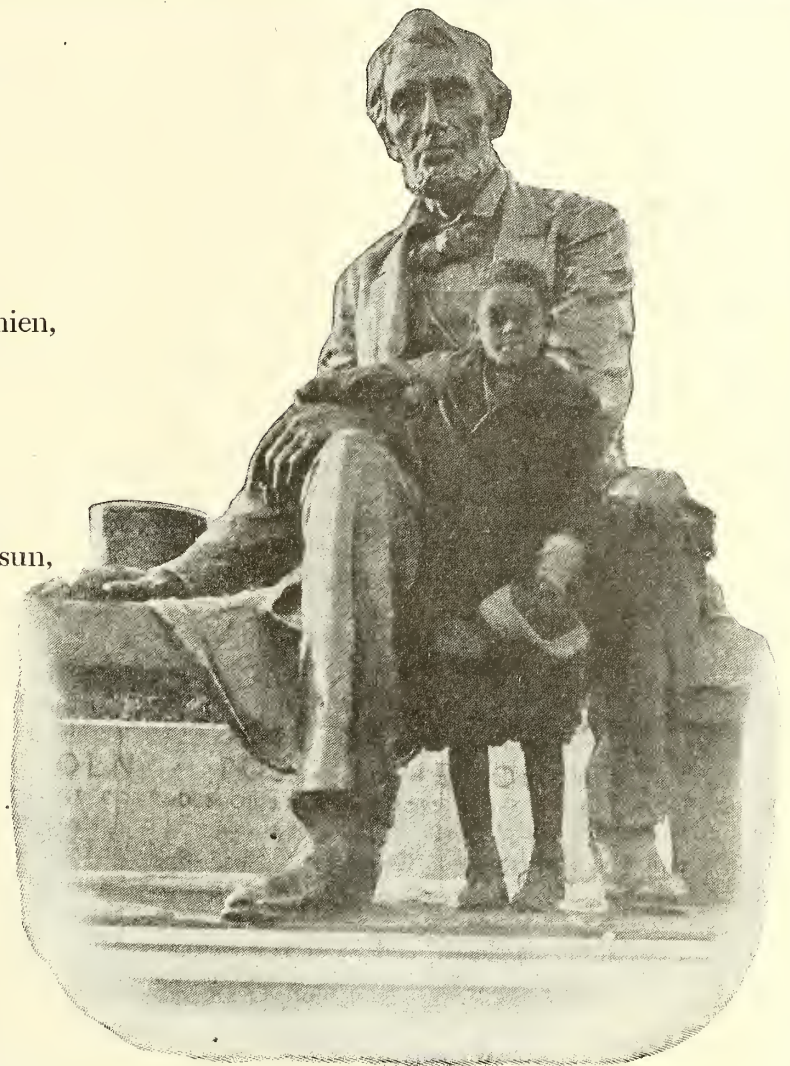
The Source

Just a little black-faced lad
Looking straight ahead
With a smile of confidence
That is freedom-bred.

Back of him with thoughtful mien,
Inclined so lovingly,
Sits the author of the smile
Who set the father free.

Out of the cloud of yesterday
Out of the heart of pain,
Have come the glow of a rising sun,
And gladness after rain.

—Z.



The Source

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